

POETRY.

"THE POLISH RIDER."

(By Rembrandt.)

Does he ride to a bridal, a triumph, a
dance of a day,
That he goes so alert, yet so careless,
so stern and so gay?
Loose seat in the saddle, short stirrup,
one hand on the mane
Or the light-stepping pony he guides
with so easy a rein.

What a grace in his armor barbaric!

Full sheaf of long arrows, the leopard-
skin flaunting below.
Heart-conquering, surely—his own is
not given, a while,
Till she comes who shall win for her-
self that inscrutable smile.

What luck had his riding, I wonder,
 "romantic and bold"
 For he was into danger, the story
 shall never be told;
 Did he charge at Vienna, and fall in a
 cold, cold combat;
 Did he fly from the Cossack, and perish,
 ignominiously slain?

Ah, chivalrous Poland, forgotten, dis-
 tance loved, a slave
 To himself and the stranger, fair, hap-
 py, and cold, the grave!

— F. Warren Conish, in *The Spectator*.

BLACK SHEEP.

Black sheep, black sheep, lost and gone
 A stray
 Wrecked upon the shallows in the
 flood of his way.
 Black sheep, black sheep—torn and drenched
 in him go.
 Stranded in the alley with the crea-
 tures none would know.

Black sheep, black sheep, drift upon
 the main,
 Battered by the billows and engulfed
 on every rain;
 Drifting to destruction, with the ser-
 ves of his sheep.

His heart a burning prison of the fever
Of despair.

Black sheep, black sheep, wandered
From the fold
Of mother arms that held him in
Days that had been golden
Mother arms are waiting, be ye black
Sheep of the night.

To lead you with their loving to the
Valleys of the light.

Black sheep, black sheep, in a world
Of hate.

Buffeted and baffled by the bitter waves
Of fate.

Dreaming of her lost child, yearning
One and long.

A mother laments, murmuring his
Name upon her song.

—Baltimore Sun.

VIEWS AND VARIETIES

Clever Sayings.

"They don't get very near to nature."
"Well, you can't blame nature. He
eats grass and she eats onions."—New
York Press.

Daughter.—Mother, could I love two
men at the same time? Mother.—Not
if one of them gets wise.—Princeton
Tiger.

Mrs. Loren Vail.—Has good blood
in her veins. Her husband—Has good
admirably he loves her.

Knicker-Does he read summer resort leaflets and remain home in New York City while his friends buy cars, take catalogues and walks?—**Judge.**

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

Knicker-Yes, but I am sure one more than you think!—**Squire.**

"Do you think we can hang the jury?" asked the defendant. "If we do, we shall hang the jury. The jury will hang you."—**Chicago Post.**

"Can you support her in the style to which she is accustomed?"

Knicker-"I can do that, but I cannot support her in the style she expects!"—**Pittsburg Post.**

Tommy-Tell us a fairy tale. **Guest.**

"Once a man who had a baby that didn't cry and a dog that didn't bite went to live in a suburb without mosquitoes."—**Chicago Post.**

Mrs. Fidd—Did you stop at the Hotel Savoy when you were at Ems? Mrs. Fudd—Oh, no, indeed! The trunk was left here at the Argosier as my most prettier.—Boston Transcript.

"What? Your baby is two years old and hasn't begun to talk yet?" "Well, no," he began to explain. "But I bet he'd talk if my wife gave him a chance."—Cleveland Leader.

"You're a good machine of yours, old man, but beginning to show signs of wear." "But you must remember I have it for sometime. It's a new model—DeVine's."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Bloobs—Some fellow swiped my umbrella last night. Slobs—Well, that's all right. You can get another one. Blobs—No, I don't want to understand this was one I bought.—Philadelphia Record.

Murder Plot Discovers

aid my face was enough to make a man climb a fence? Mr. Dodge—Well, I don't know, but if the man is on the other side of the fence—Chicago News.

MUCH IN LITTLE

A horse belonging to a Banquo, Eng., butcher has died at the age of 41.

Colombo, Ceylon, which, according to the latest statistics, vies with Singapore as the greatest equatorial port in the east, has the finest artificial harbor in the world, and is so situated on the world's highway as to make it the natural entrepot for goods to the Far East, to Great Britain, the continent and America, to Australasia and New Zealand.

Approximately one-third of 1,139,240 dozen silk handkerchiefs exported by Japan in 1910 went to the United States, and during the same period the United States imported of Japan's tomanos 1,139,240 dozen. Ninety per cent of the tablecloths, 80 per cent of the hairbrushes, two-thirds of all the

The city of Valencia is proverbially noted for the abundance and variety of its floral products. There are about 80 cultivators of flowers for sale, with gardens of one-fourth of an acre to two acres in extent. The great ease with which flowers are raised appears to

From time to time articles appear in newspapers in the Far East that oil has been discovered on Russian Sakhalin. It is said that the oil is known to exist there for many years, and two expeditions have been working on the island during the past winter. Directly beneath the island, it is said, wells have been drilled, and although the prospects are encouraging, nothing definite has been accomplished, and reports from the contrary may be treated as exaggerations.

Consul General R. M. Fierlamont, of Buenos Ayres, reports that the direct cable of the Western Telegraph company, via Asuncion, from Argentina to Europe, is about to be inaugurated. The first direct cable service from Argentina to Europe. At the same time the Argentine Telephone and Telegraph company inaugurated negotiations in its cable talks, reducing those to the United States by 15 cents. Argentine telegrams are 14¢ United States currency.)

And Word to Nail It.

Anybody would tell a lie, but it takes an artist to explain it.

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